

*World missing...*

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# PUCK



OUR OWN MANCHU DYNASTY, WHICH IS ABOUT DUE FOR A BUMP.



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## Cartoons and Comments

THE PRESIDENT OR BILL TAFT?

PRESIDENT TAFT will not have to tie a string around his little finger in order to remember Pittsburgh. He will be able to recall the Smoky City without artificial aid, for he left it, if reports be correct, in something of a huff. When a man is invited to dinner, it is not customary for the host to pick a quarrel with his guest. The rules of common courtesy forbid. However the host may differ with his guest on current subjects, it is not good form for the host to allude to it aggressively nor to tell the guest how wrong he is in his opinions. President TAFT considered that he got a raw deal in Pittsburgh where, supposedly the guest of honor at a dinner of representative gentlemen, he was compelled to listen to a prearranged attack on his anti-trust policies.

His hosts had a perfect right to differ with him on this or any other subject, but it would seem that the Chief Executive of the United States, when invited to dinner, is entitled to at least the same consideration and courtesy which one private citizen would show to another whom he is entertaining. The fact of the matter is, we fear, that the people of the United States are no longer thoughtful of their President. He has become a commonplace. He is a novelty no longer; his trips about the country, speaking at every water-tank, have reduced him to the level of every-day things. In the West he was sometimes forced to compete with trotting races and balloon ascensions, and not always to the latter's disadvantage. It used to be, and not such a great while ago, that the visit of the President anywhere was like the coming of the King to Westminster to open Parliament, but it is not so any longer. The arrival of the President in Washington is really more of an event than his arrival almost anywhere else in the land of the free,

and possibly Pittsburgh, influenced by the frequency of the Executive visits here, there, and everywhere, simply had "BILL TAFT" rather than the President of the United States, to dinner that night.

A GOOD many people, and many good people, are thoroughly convinced that the recall of judges would be a bad, bad thing. Judge PARKER says that this threatening doctrine has for its purpose the curbing of the independence of the judiciary, and that in operation it would make the Constitution, including the principles of liberty, a rope of sand. It seems to be the particular fear of those who oppose the Recall that the people, most of them laymen, would not be qualified to judge of the acts of an oc-

cupant of the bench, and to decide whether or no he was fit to remain there. This, in some lights, has a reasonable aspect. But if the people are not to be trusted with the recall of judges, how would it do to vest the right of Recall in the political bosses by whom elective judges are frequently put in nomination? "Who else would?" cried Boss CASSIDY, of Queens Borough, when asked who had named WILLIAM WILLETT for Judge of the Supreme Court in New York City. "I'm Democratic leader in Queens County, ain't I?" he added. Some zealous but misinformed folks believe that if they are competent to put a judge on the bench they are also competent to take him off if occasion arises; but this little peep into the political system of the largest city of the United States

discloses the fact that "the people" have precious little to do with it beyond voting in beautiful complacency for the choice of some "leader." Perhaps Judge PARKER will be good enough to tell us if this sort of thing does not curb to some extent "the independence of the judiciary;" and if the rope which it makes of the Constitution, including the principles of liberty, is not made of the very shiftest sand. Obviously, it would be wrong, horribly wrong, to let the people recall a judge whom the bosses have seen fit to elevate to the bench. Again let us ask: Why not give the bosses the right of recall? Then all would be delightfully open and above board.



WHEN THE PRESIDENT GOT BACK.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.—Why—er—your face is very familiar, but somehow I can't recall your name.

WITH six States in the Union woman-suffragized, and almost all of the others partially so, it will be only a short time before a new and novel figure appears in American politics: namely, the female boss. If she asserts woman's prerogative, and lets her "No" mean "Yes," her relations with mere male bosses will become strained.





UNWRITTEN HISTORY:

COLUMBUS AND THE EGG; IT WAS THE COLD-STORAGE VARIETY.

THE NEW ARITHMETIC.



My income is thirty-three hundred,  
And this is the way it is spent:  
Twelve hundred for eating and drinking and treating,  
And nearly nine hundred for rent;  
For dressing, twelve hundred suffices,  
Although that's a little bit small,  
While servants' high portions and doctors' extortions  
Make up, say, a thousand in all.

We must go away in the summer,  
And that costs eight hundred, let's say;  
Five hundred will measure the money for pleasure,  
Including the opera and play.  
And then there's—but just stop a moment  
Before I allow for my bets:  
I've cited quite clearly six thousand, or nearly—  
Well, most of it's paid for—in debts!

William Wallace Whitelock.

HEREDITY.

A MAN, who from the humblest beginnings had risen to eminence, one day called his children about him.  
"My children," said he, "I am providing each of you with an income of \$20,000 a year, in order that you may be spared from the struggle which has been my lot, and so have leisure for developing your natural bent."  
One of the children drank himself to death in a few years; another

drifted uselessly about the world in search of amusement, and soon grew so bored that he cursed the day he was born; while a third essayed to achieve social position and was divorced four times before she was thirty.  
The world, meanwhile, was not blind. "Greatness," it observed, sagely, "is not hereditary!"



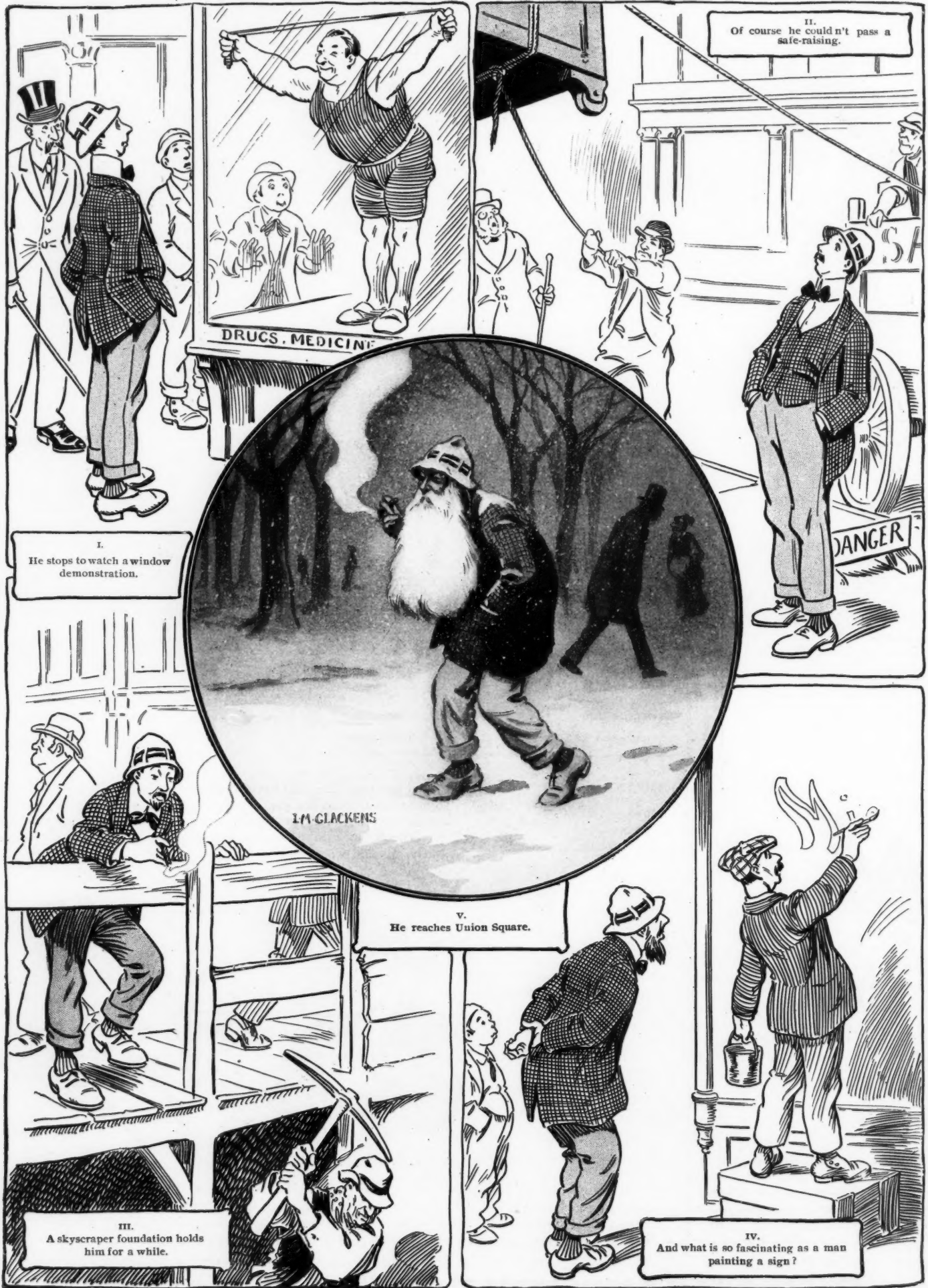
SOMEONE ELSE'S MEAT.

BROKER.—Business is simply rotten these days!  
FRIEND.—Why? Is n't there a sucker born every minute?  
BROKER.—Yes. But they buy automobiles!

**S**elf-possession in a young woman may be all very well for a while, but she should n't keep it up too long.

THE BUSY NEW YORKER.

HE TAKES A WALK UP BROADWAY AS FAR AS UNION SQUARE.





LUCK.

THE man on top says: "Talk of luck's absurd.  
I've won my way by work and strength of will."  
The under-dog: "By luck I've been deterred.  
The luck I've had has been enough to kill."  
The truth is this, to put it in a word:  
Folks don't believe in luck unless it's ill.

Walter G. Doty.



CORRESPONDENCE COURSES.

We are pleased to announce a few additions to our correspondence curriculum. Each course complete in twelve lessons. Absolute satisfaction guaranteed.

**FOOTBALL.**—A knowledge of football is now considered positively essential. After completing this course, you will be able to accept with impunity a job as trolley conductor, traffic policeman, or customs inspector. We teach conductors how to dive into the centre of a crowded car, get a fare, and escape without injury. We teach you how to get inside the Subway and out again, how to capture a hat in a high wind, fall out of a tall building, get rid of book-agents, and grow long hair. Write at once.

**MOTORING.**—This course is very complete. We teach you how to get a mortgage on your house, how to run down your neighbor's machine, how to arouse the envy of your friends, how to hire a chauffeur, how to keep him from eloping with your daughter or your wife, how to dodge a constable, how to hit a chicken, how to turn turtle, when to have punctures, and where to land when skidding. We have special lessons for those who wish to go touring, giving complete instructions on how to be comfortable in uncomfortable beds at out-of-the-way places. Lessons for 1912 models now ready.

**BANKING.**—Banking is easy by our method. No risk. Big profits. We guarantee to increase your income. You will never know what dignity is till you take this course. We teach you how to be feared and respected at the same time, how to fill people with awe, how to make men thank you when you refuse to lend them money, how to make depositors apologize for offering to leave their cash with you. We teach you how to have your eminent respectability unquestioned. We show how to get the newspapers to interview you, and tell you what to say when you don't know anything about the subject-matter involved. We show how to lend money and have it in the vault at the same time. Let us hear from you at once, whether you are in trouble or not.

**BRIBING.**—If you are a briber, we can systematize your work and reduce the risk to a minimum. If you are not, let us make you one. Our methods never fail to return big profits. We can point to hundreds of cases where our pupils have corrupted and demoralized whole aldermanic bodies and got away with the goods without the least breath of suspicion attaching to them. All successful bribers occupy high places in their respective communities. We teach you what to do with your conscience, how to break in an honest official, and how to avoid jail if suspected. Why work while this offer lasts?

**POLITICS.**—This course in politics is designed especially for the young man who desires to take advantage of the independence of the people. We positively guarantee that our graduates will never have to work, except a little while before election each year. We teach you how to draw salaries, shake hands, and flatter your constituents. We teach you



THE DREAM OF THE SUFFRAGETTE.

BUT ALAS! DREAMS GO BY CONTRARIES.

when to make promises and when to break them. We teach how to tell one man one thing and the next man the opposite thing. We teach where to buy long coats and wide-brimmed hats, how to look wise, how to talk for hours without committing yourself to anything specific, and how to straddle a fence gracefully. Why not join the leisure class?

**SNOBBERY.**—Our course in snobbery fills a long-felt want. Let us teach you how to be better than anyone else. We teach you how to bully the servants, how to over-eat, how to dominate a summer hotel, how to quarrel at bridge, how to forget your friends, how to get into society, how to keep others out, how to run up bills, how to keep from paying them, how to make the most display with the least amount of money, how to get famous ancestors, how to talk nonsense, how to spoil the children, and many other valuable points in modern snobbery. Why continue to be a self-respecting person? Let us help you. Ellis O. Jones.

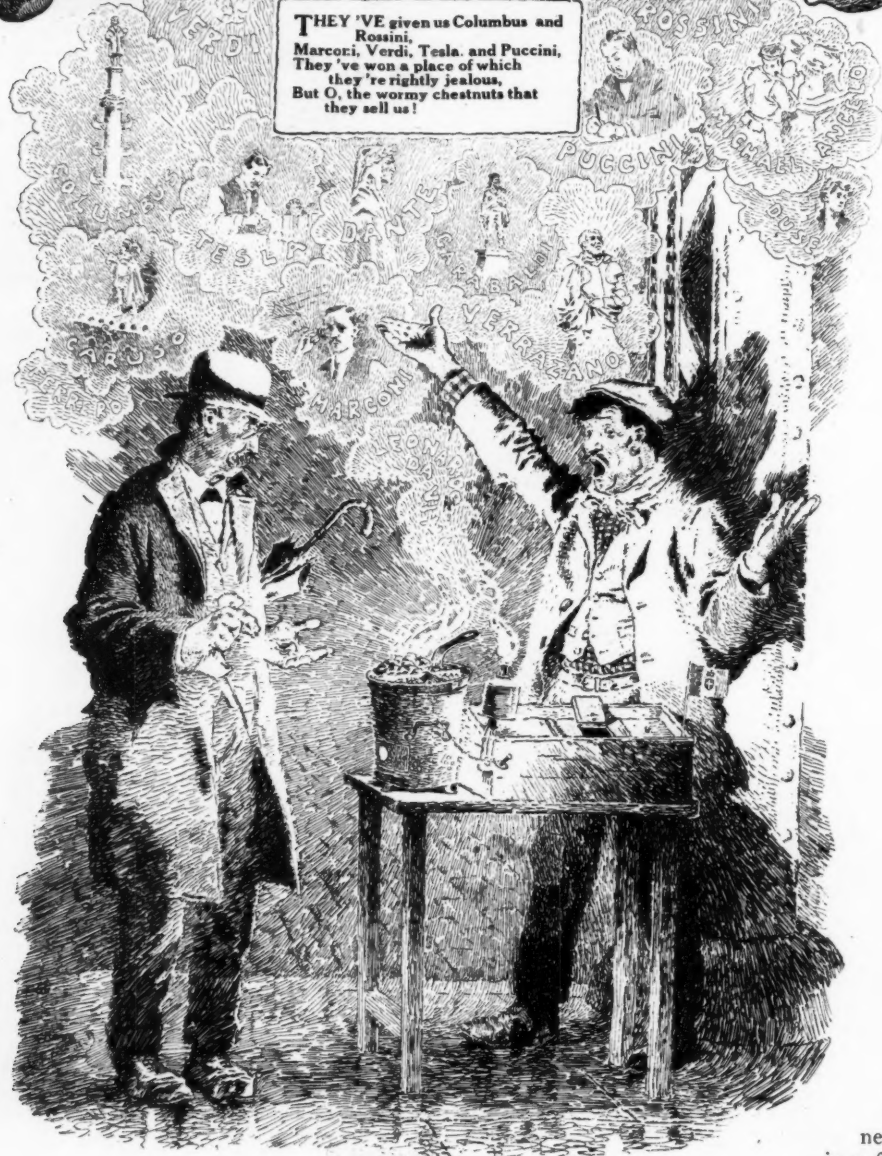


THE CUSTOMS-INSPECTOR WALKS IN HIS SLEEP.

NEVER judge a brand of whisky by the company it keeps.

Age brings wisdom, we are told, but unfortunately it does n't always leave us much time to use it.

**AUX ITALIENS**



THEY 'VE given us Columbus and Rossini, Marconi, Verdi, Tesla, and Puccini, They've won a place of which they're rightly jealous, But O, the wormy chestnuts that they sell us!

**A SECOND-HAND CAR.**

WHAT FRIENDS AND ACQUAINTANCES SAID WHEN JONESY BOUGHT ONE.

**THE BOYS AT THE CLUB.**—Say, Jonesy, did someone wish it on you, or are you running it on a bet?

**HIS PARTNER.**—It might come in handy as a delivery-wagon, except that it would scare our horses to death.

**HIS WIFE.**—Anyhow, it runs, and that's more than the Smyths can say about theirs, I guess!

**HIS SON.**—Gee, it's a great car!

**PERKINS, HIS NEIGHBOR.**—Say, Jonesy, can't you make some arrangements to keep that pile of junk at a garage? The infernal noise the dratted thing makes has got my wife's nerves worn to a frazzle.

**HIS GROCER.**—Yes, your gasolene bill is rather high, but that's a fine car you've got, Mr. Jonesy, even if it does take a lot of gasolene to run it.

**THE MAN WHO SOLD IT TO HIM.**—What's that? I'm sure the cylinder was n't cracked when I sold it to you, Jonesy. O no, my new car is n't of that make at all. You see, that old car makes almost too much noise for me. I'm glad you like it; I thought *you* would. Ha, ha!

**JONESY HIMSELF:** \* \* \* & % \$ 4 % \* \* !!!

Frank H. Williams.

**ONE WAY.**

**WILLIS.**—Then you think it is possible to stop the divorce evil?

**GILLIS.**—Certainly. Merely let it become common enough to be unfashionable.

**PUBLIC SPIRIT.**

**A** W, TELL ye what!" triumphantly declared the landlord of the Puxico tavern, "Hi Spry is the most public-spirited citizen in this community! He's just chock-full of local pride! Why, he went up to the city, week before last, and ever since he got back he has been bragging around that during his three days' stay there he was robbed of a reasonably good umbrella, was arrested and smartly clubbed by mistake for a confidence-man in disguise, had his pocket picked of seven dollars and eighty cents in cash, came pretty near being drugged by an adventuress, lost his gripsack in a fire, like to have choked to death in a Chinese restaurant while eating something he could n't pronounce, got swindled by a ticket-speculator, had a run-in with a taxicab driver, and was run over by a chorus-girl's automobile; while he declares, as far as he can learn, that no citizen of our rival town of Torpidville ever went to the metropolis and cut any more figger than just to fall down a coal-hole and get his nose skinned."

**"IN HIS OWN COUNTRY."**

**H**IS books were known from Portland, Maine, To Portland, Oregon. The critics lauded "Lawful Gain," And praised "The Common Run."



And so he climbed the upward road To great celebrity, And tried his best to bear his load Of honors modestly.

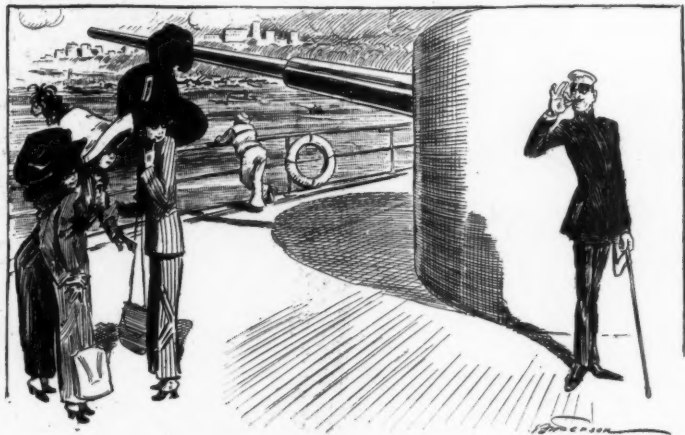
And when his next-door neighbors met Each other, they would say: "I wonder what Brown does to get A living, anyway?"

Walter G. Doty.

**ON THE JOB.**

**JACK.**—Have they got an up-to-date Football Board up at your school?

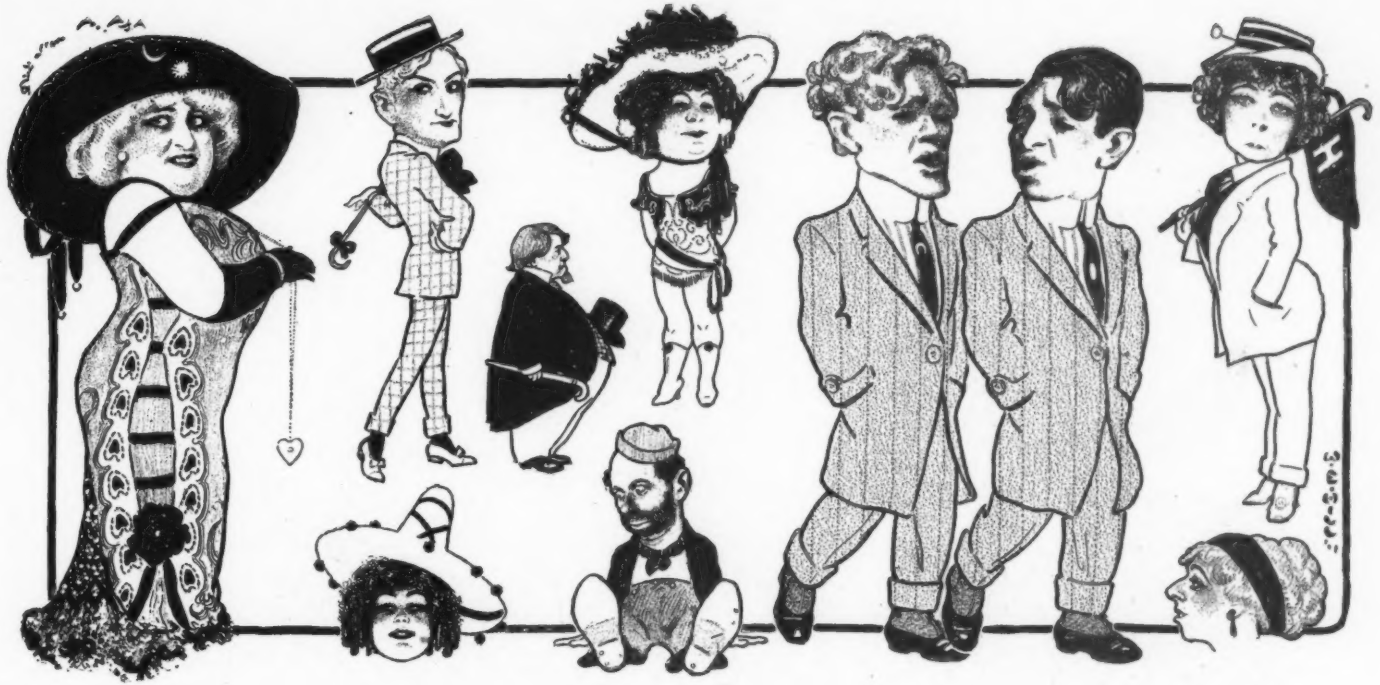
**BILLY.**—You bet! They're already at work figuring out new rules for the year after next that will do away with the accidents that are certain to happen this year.



TARGET PRACTICE.

**S**uch is the difference between temper and temperament, that when you lose the one you display the other.



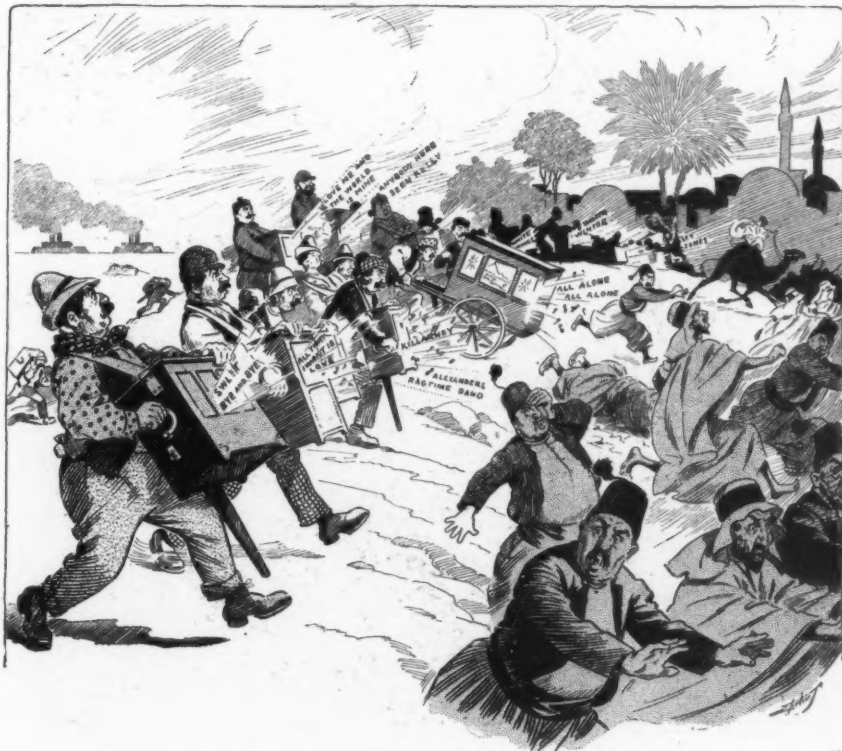


### Burlesquers We Have Met.

The curtain is already up as you stumble through the dark aisle into your seat, between a pipeful of "Laborer's Friend" and a Fatima. Consulting a program, you find that the "Honeymoon Pets" are holding forth "in one long, glorious giggle," entitled "A Night in The Morgue." One look at the chorus ladies suggests a golden wedding rather than a honeymoon. However, an Eighth Avenue audience is n't critical, except on amateur night, and besides a chorus down at Miner's can give pointers in more ways than one to the Broadway beauties. Fifteen spear-bearers in a burlesque show can make more noise than a whole stage-full at the Hippodrome. "All That I Want is Love," sung by a burlesque troupe accompanied by an Eighth Ave. orchestra in full blast would make a bunch of college rooters green with envy. As for mere poise and stage-presence the show-girl on Broadway is n't there with her sister in burlesque. Only after years of hard practice is a girl able to chew her gum in time to the music, tell the skinny blonde who stands next she's a cheap skate, and look cute at the boys out in front, all at the same time, without missing a step. The scene on the stage, the program asserts, is the ballroom of Mrs. Van Astorbilt's home on the Hudson. It is furnished according to the standards set by Eighth Avenue, as to what our best ballrooms should be like. A hatrack, a kitchen-table, a near-palm, and a garden-bench hold the center of the stage. Mrs. Van Astorbilt is giving a reception. Nothing hindered by the fact that she is a trifle knock-kneed, Mrs. Van has seen fit to come in baby-blue tights. Boom! Crash! The plot thickens. Enter the tramp comedian who has been asleep in a coalbin conveniently placed just without the ballroom. Of course, what is more natural than that he should be mistaken for a foreign duke? After which he hits the lady on the head with a roast chicken, she retaliates by delicately pushing him down an airshaft, and the house roars with laughter. On rush the chorus as college-boys in pink and green satin, the orchestra plays "Yankee Doodle Rag," and the curtain descends on the "first part." After which you make a dash for the street and for a breath of real air. In the lingo of Eighth Avenue, "Miner's is some place, bo!"

### STRANGE CASE.

THERE are queer things and wonderful left upon earth,  
And as proof of the statement here I've one:  
If a man in a newspaper morgue has a berth  
It's a pretty sure cinch he's a live one!



### ATROCITIES IN TRIPOLI.

WHAT IS MEANT BY THOSE REPORTS THAT THE ITALIANS ARE TORTURING THE NATIVES.

### BOARDING-HOUSE CONVERSATION.

"I CAME across an odd word in the dictionary last night, 'uxurious,' meaning one very fond of his wife," remarked the Ribbon Clerk. "It's obsolete," commented the Gruff Old Bachelor.

"If a married man leading a luxurious life will cut out the 'l,' he will get about the same thing, and there will be no reason why he should n't become infatuated with his wife," said the Ready Wit.

"That's an abominable pun, and I for one shall seek another home if we are going to have profanity at this table," declared Miss Prim.

"I never have served no profanity," said the Landlady, looking up alarmed. "Don't believe in them fancy dishes. Why, one of them rich dooks fired his chef because he could n't cook ham and eggs."

"That cook must've got a job here," muttered the Graduate Office-Boy, with an insinuating wink.

"Speaking of words," suggested the Ready Wit, to head off the brewing storm, "if 'matricide' is the murder of a mother, is 'fnatrimony' the murder of love?"

"You ought to be killed for that," said the Ribbon Clerk.

"That was a perfectly beautiful murder in the morning papers, was n't it?" asked the Blonde Lady, "I read every word."

"Poor dear, you must be tired," said the sympathetic Miss Keys.

"On the contrary," suggested the Ready Wit, satirically, "I always find the account of a murder very soothing to the nerves."

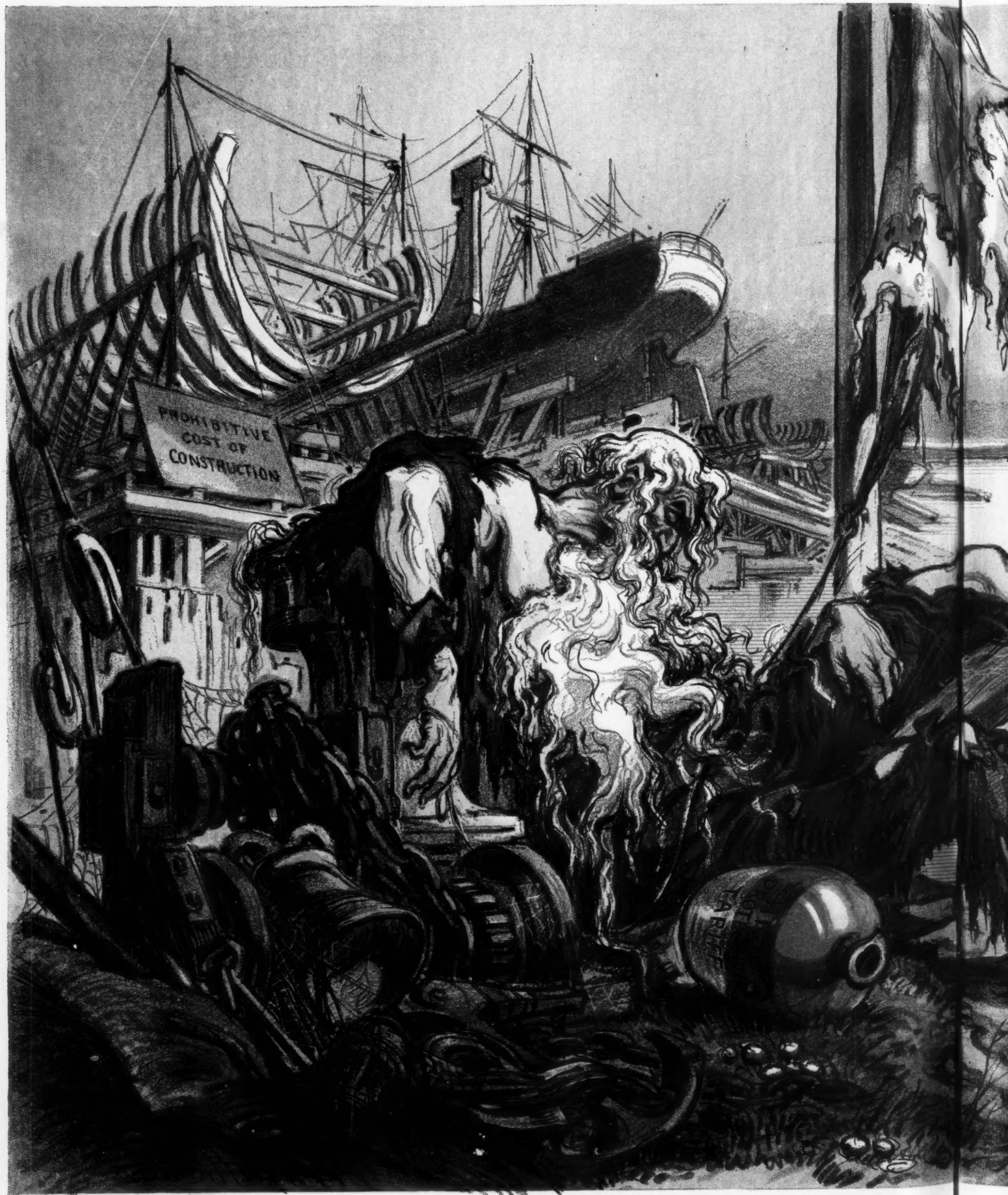
And even the Landlady laughed.

Roy R. Atkinson.



FROM WILSON'S HYMNAL.

"BEAUTIFUL ISLE OF SOMEWHERE."



THE PUCK. P. JONES

OUR MERCHANT MARINE, THE SHIP V.





E, THE SHIP VAN WINKLE OF THE SEA.

OTHER PEOPLE.

THE sweetest woman that ever I saw  
Did n't happen to be my mother-in-law.

The richest girl that I dined and wined  
Did n't fall in love with the undersigned.

The pool in Northern Pacific stock  
Knew naught of a man by the name of "—lock."

The "six best sellers," I'm forced to admit,  
Were all of them written by me — *aber nit!*

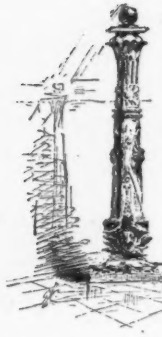
That piece of two-million real-estate  
Just sold was n't mine, I'm sorry to state.

THE REASON:

'T was the stork's blamed fault, I'm certain of that:  
He ought t' have left me in the other flat!

William Wallace Whitelock.

UNDER THE NEW REGIME.



ENTERED one of the gold-plated, cut-glass caravansaries known as a modern hair-cutting emporium. It was pleasantly located on good sunken farm-land, occupying an acre or so underneath one of our first-class hotels. A boy in the costume of a Swiss Imperial Guard came forward and took my hat. The proprietor asked me what I wanted done.

"I should like to get my hair cut."

I was ushered into an antiseptic chair, while an antiseptic individual with a sinister aspect threw over me a Woodlawn cemetery shroud. Then he took from a glass instrument-case a pair of shears, a clipping-machine, and a tortoise-shell comb.

Being in a communicative mood, I said pleasantly:

"It's a nice day for this time of year."

"It looked like rain yesterday, and I thought perhaps it would."

"The reservoirs need it, anyway. Can't have too much rain for them."

"If there was n't so much graft about, we would have our reservoirs made long before they were needed."

At this point I was rudely — as I thought — interrupted by a tap on the shoulder. The barber suspended operations. A tall, grave man stood over me. I recognized him as the proprietor of the emporium.

"Pardon me, sir!" he said sternly, "but you are disturbing the artist at his work. No talking, please!"

C. T.



WHO COULD BLAME HIM?

WIFE (returning from shopping).—Did they send up my — O, Heavens! What have you done with my new hat?

HUSBAND.—Is that a hat? Why, I thought it was a crib, and put baby in it!

THEOLOGICAL ELASTICITY.

"Dis yuh way o' jobbin' 'round fum one place to a-nudder," confidentially remarked Brother Bobshy, "am purt' hahd on a man dat strives to please de white folks he's workin' for."

"When a poor cullud pusson has to be a consistent Presbyterian at de Doctah's house, a 'Piscopalian down at de Cuhnel's, a Noonitarian at de Jedge's, a Babtist at de Widah Prit-

chett's—or, ah-Lawd, yo' don't git no job dar! —or a fetch-taked Campbellite over at dem folks dat has dess moved into de old Differdaffer house and dat I's mighty s'picious of, muhse'f, dough I's bound to say dat dey paid me prompt for cleanin' out de well—when a cullud man has to 'scribe to all dem diffunt b'liefs in awdah to make de white folks feel good and sawtuh give him a pa'r o' striped trowziz now and ag'in, or suppin' dat-uh-way, and talk it, too, so 's yo' keep 'em fooled, it's purt' hahd on his conscience, ee-special when a Shoutin' Meferdist like I is, and *knows* all de rest o' dem 'nom-nem-nations is in de wrong—'cep-pin', o' cou'se, down at Majah Buck Talley's, who is one o' dem Universalists, and b'lieves in lettin' everybody, niggers and all, go to hell, uh-laffin' and uh-'joyin' deirse'fs, and allus give me a dram o' gin, uh-kaze he's done been raised 'mongst darkies and knows 'bout de struggle dey all has wid deir consciences."

Tom P. Morgan.

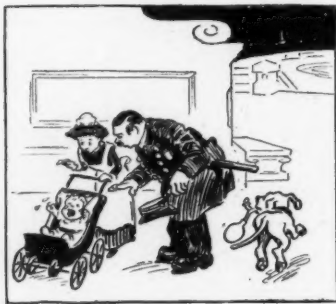
THAT SHAMELESS POLICE-DOG.



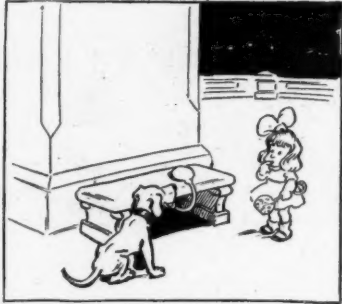
"GREETINGS!"



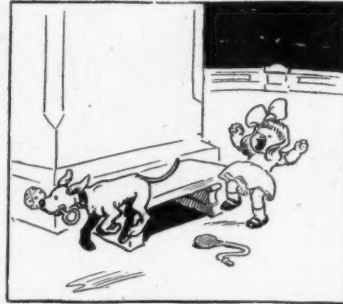
"AH, MILK!"



"I'M SAFE! HE CAN'T TALK!"



"THAT GOES TO THE SPOT!"



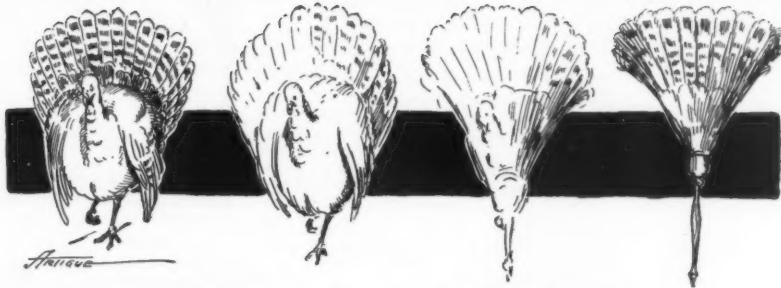
"NOW, THEN, FOR THE RETURN!"



"IT'S ALL THE SAME TO THEM!"



PUCK



EVOLUTION OF THE FEATHER-DUSTER.

WHITE AND YELLOW.

Two stalwart men of different race  
Smiled at each other, face to face.  
One said: "I'll do thee, friend, no harm,"  
And marked the sinews of his arm.  
"Your servant, sir," the dark one said,  
And studied long the other's head.  
Said One: "Our ways together lie,"  
And noted his companion's eye.  
He answered: "We will walk in peace,"  
And saw the other's pace increase.  
"You run?" said One, with smiling face,  
And watched the dark one's easy grace.  
"A friendly race!" the second cried,  
And noted how their strength was tried.  
"Let's rest awhile," the white one said,  
Seeing the other was ahead.  
"With joy," the dark one did reply,  
And slipped into a wood near by.  
The fair one drew his gun and said:  
"There may be enemies ahead."  
"Within these woods is danger rife,"  
Said Number Two, and drew his knife.  
Said One: "The best of friends are we,"  
And laid his gun across his knee.  
"True," prompt reply the other made,  
And sharpened up his long, keen blade,  
Then raised his arm without a word,—  
This story's end I have not heard.

J. Wiley Owen.

BARRED.

She was not in the least pretty, but of course that counted for nothing against her. Likewise the fact that she could not dance or sing or crack jokes. What stood definitely in the way of her success was the political situation in Europe. "With not a monarchy left which a girl can hope to be instrumental in overthrowing, where is the necessary advertising to come from?" she reasoned. Saying which, with a gush of bitter tears, she abandoned the notion of getting into vaudeville in America.

TAKING NO CHANCES.

The unctuous undertaker was sympathetic. "How deep do you dig graves, as a rule?" asked the old millionaire's young widow. "Six feet." "Make it twelve," she lisped. "I will pay the difference."

VARIOUS INQUIRIES.

The Seven Sleepers awoke, and as they emerged from their cavern, after their two or three hundred years of slumber, they met near the entrance a hatchet-faced pessimistic-looking

stranger whom they at once began to avidly interrogate as to the news of the day. "What's the score?" eagerly asked one of the Sleepers. "Is Bryan running yet?" inquired another. "Are Nat Goodwin and Lillian Russell still marrying and divorcing?" queried the third. "Is the divine Sarah——" "Hold!" interjected the stranger. "Let me get a question in edgewise. Who was lecturing when you fellows went to sleep?"

TEMPERAMENT IN FOLLY.

The fool, in his heart, saith a number of things. Suppose he happens to be a phlegmatic fool, with a fondness for luxury. "I do not care," saith he, in that case, "to go out into the damp, chill woods, and mistake a toadstool for a mushroom. I much prefer to get up in the night, in my comfortable flat, and drink out of the wrong bottle."



THE EUROPEAN JEKYLL AND HYDE.

*Always think twice before you speak once, and then be sure that you talk to yourself.*



COL. JACOB RUPPERT, JR.

IN selecting Colonel Jacob Ruppert, Jr., of New York, for their president, the American brewers have made an excellent choice. Colonel Ruppert was elected at the recent convention in Chicago of the United States Brewers' Association, representatives of the brewing industry from all parts of the world being present. No man in the Association is better posted than he on its interests and general affairs, or better qualified to serve as its chief executive. Colonel Ruppert, in addressing the convention, referred to the great growth of the brewing business in America, an increase which in ten years has amounted to 23,886,000 barrels, and also called attention to the fact that the brewers' last yearly contribution to the United States Treasury was the tremendous sum of \$64,367,777. Besides Colonel Ruppert, the Brewers' Association elected other officers as follows: First Vice-President, William Halm, of St. Paul; Second Vice-President, Edward A. Schmedt, Philadelphia; Third Vice-President, Gustav Pabst, Milwaukee; Treasurer, Anton C. G. Hupfel, New York; Secretary, Hugh S. Fox, New York; Counsel, Robert Crain, Baltimore.

"Did you include Switzerland in your travels?"

"No; I always was so afraid of falling down a cravat."—*Exchange.*

CUSTOMER.—Waiter! This is an absurdly small steak you've given me.

WAITER.—Yes, sir, but it'll take a wonderful long time to eat, sir.—*Everybody's.*

## BUNNER'S

### Short Stories.

SHORT SIXES.

THE RUNAWAY BROWNS.

MADE IN FRANCE.

MORE SHORT SIXES.

THE SUBURBAN SAGE.

Five Volumes, in Cloth, \$5.00  
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Per Volume, in Cloth, \$1.00

For sale by all Booksellers, or from the Publishers on receipt of price.

Address PUCK, New York.

## GOUT & RHEUMATISM

USE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY

**BLAIR'S PILLS**

SAFE, EFFECTIVE. 50c. & \$1.00

DRUGGISTS, or 93 Henry St., Brooklyn, N.Y.



WHERE HE GOT IT.  
He went to moving pictures,  
He went to see the play;  
He'd go to hear the opera  
If it was grave or gay.

You'd find him at the circus—  
He couldn't get his fill;  
He went to see the drama  
And also vaudeville.

Now, why he sought the play-house  
You'd really like to know?  
Because at home, poor fellow,  
He never got a show.

—*Yonkers Statesman.*

PRIDE is all right if you don't let it interfere with your work.—*Atchison Globe.*

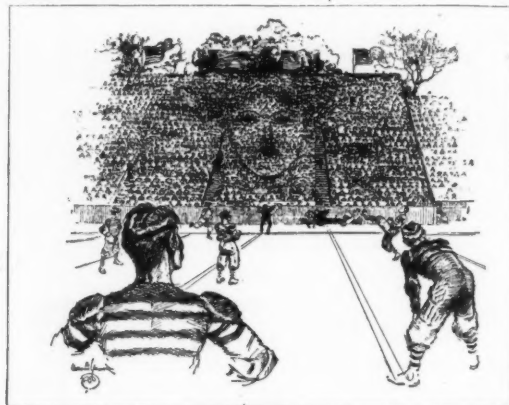


BOTTLED AT THE SPRINGS, BUDA PEST, HUNGARY

FOR MEN OF BRAINS  
**Cortez CIGARS**  
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

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By Gordon Grant.

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"SEE AMERICA FIRST."



Courtesy of the  
New York Central Lines.

"ROCK OF AGES" AT NIAGARA FALLS.



Since the decision rendered by the United States Supreme Court, it has been decided by the Monks hereafter to bottle

## CHARTREUSE

(Liqueur Pères Chartreux)

both being identically the same article, under a combination label representing the old and the new labels, and in the old style of bottle bearing the Monks' familiar insignia, as shown in this advertisement.

According to the decision of the U. S. Supreme Court, handed down by Mr. Justice Hughes on May 29th, 1911, no one but the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux) is entitled to use the word CHARTREUSE as the name or designation of a Liqueur, so their victory in the suit against the Cusnier Company, representing M. Henri Lecouturier, the Liquidator appointed by the French Courts, and his successors, the Compagnie Fermiere de la Grande Chartreuse, is complete.

The Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux), and they alone, have the formula or recipe of the secret process employed in the manufacture of the genuine Chartreuse, and have never parted with it. There is no genuine Chartreuse save that made by them at Tarragona, Spain.

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafes.  
Bätjer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y.  
Sole Agents for United States.



IN THE ENTRANCE-HALL.



"The left is for hatpins; the right is for umbrellas, my dear."

—Lustige Blätter.

The piquancy of a Sherbet is attained by using a dash of Abbott's Bitters. Sample by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

### RIVALS.

A dollar and a penny once happened to be together in the same pocket, and the dollar began to put on airs. "I am a big gun," said the dollar, "and you are nobody. I am white and bright, and you are only a dull mud-colored little Indian. I am religious, for I am all the time saying 'In God we Trust,' and you are only a pagan. I am patriotic, for on one side I have the American Eagle and on the other the Goddess of Liberty, and I buy lots of fireworks on the Fourth of July. I am heavenly-minded, for I have the stars to think about, and you don't have anything. I am precious, for I am nice, bright silver, and everybody wants me; but you are base copper, and nobody cares a snap for you."

"That may all be so," said the poor little penny. "You may be more patriotic than I am, but I go to church more than you do and am found in the contribution-box oftener than you are."—*Lyons Republican*.

### A YOUNG OFFENDER.

A woman left her baby in its carriage at the door of a department store. A policeman found it there, apparently abandoned, and wheeled it to the station. As he passed down the street, a gamin yelled: "What's the kid done?"—*Collier's*.

### EASY PAYMENTS.

I bought me a home on a plan  
A real-estate agent devised.  
I labor as long as I can,  
I earn and I pay; I am prized  
As one of those chaps who are strong  
On paying out coin they may get.  
I dwelt in my purchase full long—  
I have n't quite paid for it yet.

The house that I bought is no more;  
'Tis gone, with its closets and halls;  
The windows fell in on the floor,  
The plaster dropped down from the walls.  
I've changed, and I've builded anew,  
The old place I almost forget—  
But though it has vanished, 'tis true,  
I have n't quite paid for it yet.

O. schemes there are, large ones and small,  
To capture the coin that is free;  
But this is the peer of them all—  
This home-selling plan that got me.  
Forever and ever and aye  
I cough up my cash—and I'll bet  
With my last dying breath I will say,  
"I haven't quite paid for it yet."

—Chicago News.

"Did the Gildeys have much trouble in arranging their separation?"

"No. At least, not until they reached the child. They have but one child, you know."

"How about the dogs?"

"That was easy. They had two dogs."

"I see. Well, what did they do?"

"Why, Gildey suddenly developed a streak of generosity. He took the child and let his wife have both dogs."

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

# BLATZ

Private Stock MILWAUKEE

**THE  
FINEST BEER  
EVER BREWED**

**An Honest  
Wholesome  
Beverage  
for the Family**

**Served with the  
meals it helps the  
appetite and dig-  
estion.**

Ask for it at the Club, Cafe  
or Buffet. Insist on Blatz.  
Correspondence invited direct.



ALWAYS THE SAME  
GOOD OLD

*Blatz*

Laugh and Grow Fat!

Take PUCK and Laugh!

# Hear Ye! Hear Ye!

NOW is the accepted time  
To SUBSCRIBE FOR

# Puck

The Foremost Humorous Weekly  
of America



As a Home Paper PUCK will please you

- ☞ It is funny, but neither vulgar nor suggestive.
- ☞ It is attractive pictorially, because its artists are among the best.
- ☞ It is of serious interest, because its cartoons form a political history of the times.
- ☞ It is not a juvenile publication, but it is better for children than the comic supplements of the Sunday newspapers.

Published Every Wednesday. 10c. per Copy. \$5.00 Yearly.

If your newsdealer does n't handle PUCK,  
ask him to order it for you.



Tell Your Newsdealer

# Puck

NEXT WEEK.

PUCK, New York

Enclosed find ten cents for which send me a liberal package of sample copies of PUCK.

Name.....

Address.....



**ALL FIXED.**

"I think I'll propose at the party to-night."

"No, you won't."

"Why won't I?"

"My sister knows the young lady in the case, and it has been arranged for you to propose at the ball next week."

—*Kansas City Journal.*

# Pears'

Cleanliness is a necessity that knows a law—Pears' Soap.

Pears' is both a law and a necessity for toilet and bath.

Sold everywhere.

A WIDOW in Los Angeles is said to have rejected eighty-seven offers of marriage. How would you like to be that rich?—*Birmingham News.*

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Photogravures from PUCK

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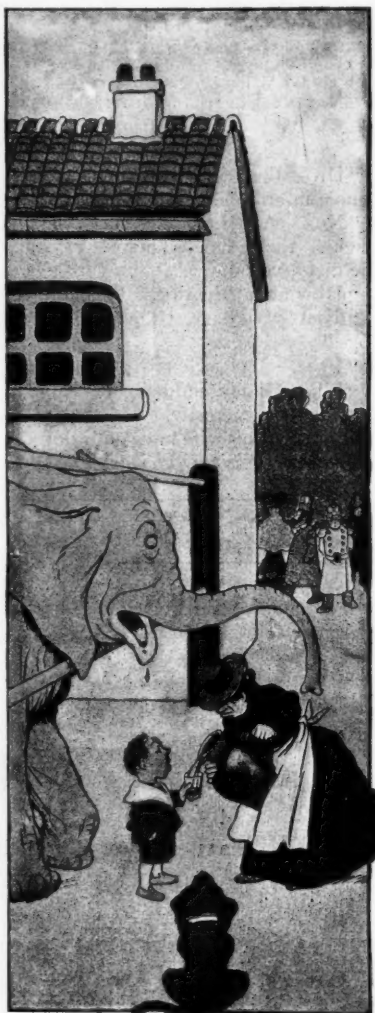
**BEFORE THE GAME.**

By Stuart Travis.  
Photogravure in Sepia, 15 x 10 1/2 in.  
PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

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**FRESH MADE; WHO WANTS A DRINK?**



I.

THE BOY.—A glass of cocoa, if you please.

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; insures your getting the very best.  
U. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

WHAT is the necessity for euthanasia and the automobile at the same time?  
—*St. Louis Republic.*

**VARICOSE VEINS, BAD LEGS, ETC.**

are promptly relieved with inexpensive home treatment. It absolutely removes the pain, swelling, tiredness and disease. Full particulars on receipt of stamp.  
W. F. Young, P. D. F.: 423 Temple St. Springfield, Mass.

**A "RAW" DEAL.**

Little Willie had worn pajamas for two years. But while visiting an aunt he discovered that his night-clothes had been forgotten. When Willie saw the nightie donated by a girl cousin he protested vigorously, winding up with:

"An' I won't wear no nightgown ever, ever! Not even if I have to go to bed raw."—*Everybody's.*

**McDONALD'S MODESTY.**

At a dinner in a small town in Scotland it was found that every one had contributed to the evening's entertainment but a certain Dr. McDonald.

"Come, come, Dr. McDonald," said the chairman, "we cannot let you escape." The doctor protested that he could not sing.

"My voice is altogether unmusical, and resembles the sound caused by the act of rubbing bricks along the panels of a door."

The company attributed this to the doctor's modesty. Good singers, he was reminded, always needed a lot of pressing.

"Very well" said the doctor, "if you can stand it, I will sing."

Long before he had finished his audience was uneasy. There was a painful silence as the doctor sat down, broken at length by the voice of a candid Scot at the end of the table.

"Man!" he exclaimed, "your singin' 's no up to much, but your veracity 's just awful. You're right about that brick!"—*Exchange.*

# "I. W. HARPER"

## Quality Whiskey

There is more satisfaction in a dram of "OLD I. W." than in a pint of cheap stuff. The recollection of Quality lasts long after the price is forgotten.

**HARPER is Best.**

BERNHEIM DISTILLING CO., INCORPORATED  
LOUISVILLE, KY.

**HER OPINION OF CONGRESS.**

A little Georgia boy, whose father had just been elected to the Legislature of that State, said one day:

"Maw, pop's a pretty big man now, ain't he?"

"O, I dunno," answered his mother.

"If he makes a good record they'll send him to Congress, won't they, maw?"

"I dunno. Maybe. I ain't never had much use for Congress sence they wouldn't pay for the cotton that was stole durin' the war. Still, if they want to send your paw up there it don't make no difference as fur 's I'm concerned. They can't swat Congress too hard to suit me."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

BACK from winning his championship, Harold Hilton was tackled on the question whether a golf ball really goes farther through the American than through the British air.

"Well," he replied, "I always find the ball goes farthest in the smoke-room discussions after the game is over."—*London Opinion.*

**Do YOU think "The Good Old Days" were the better days?**

Charles Wheeler Bell thinks so, and the way he proves it makes one of the funniest books of the year. Witty, snappy paragraphs with human nature in every line. Delicious pictures by Fox, the famous cartoonist of the *Chicago Evening Post*.  
Cover in Colors and Gold.  
50 cents net

**At All Booksellers**  
A. C. McClurg & Co. Pub.

"Do they quarrel a great deal?"

"No, not a great deal. He leaves home at seven o'clock in the morning and doesn't go home to lunch."—*Detroit Free Press.*

**HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS**  
**PAPER WAREHOUSE,**  
32, 34 and 36 Bleecker Street,  
BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 30 Beekman Street, NEW YORK.  
All kinds of Paper made to order.

**YOUNG LADY.**—Guard, will I have time to say good-by to my friends?

**GUARD.**—Afraid not, miss. This train leaves in two hours and a half.  
—*Sacred Heart Review.*



II.

THE ELEPHANT.—A pitcher of cocoa, if you please.—*Le Rire.*

**GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.**  
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."  
50c. per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles.





BALTIMORE'S NEWEST HOTEL.

THE opening of the new Hotel Emerson, of which the above is a photograph, took place in Baltimore on October 30th. Always beautiful, recent rebuilding has made Maryland's chief city more attractive than ever, and the new Emerson represents the very latest word in modern hotel construction and equipment. It is situated in the heart of the city, with the financial, mercantile, and municipal sections at its very door, and the residential, theatre, and shopping districts within easy walking distance. Surface cars passing its entrances furnish prompt service to all railway stations and the wharves. The Emerson is under the management of W. H. Barse.

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## PUCK PROOFS

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From PUCK

### THE PEARL IN THE OYSTER.

By Carl Hassman.  
Photogravure in Carbon Black,  
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PRICE, 25 CENTS.

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### HIS REASON.

A well-known temperance lecturer often makes use of the following illustration:

"I can perhaps sympathize," he says, "with the real connoisseur of wines, with him who sips slowly, with proper enjoyment of the bouquet and the flavor, a small glass of vintage Bordeaux champagne or Burgundy. But, after all, few men drink like that. Most men drink like the Chinaman who explained, as he bought a quart of fiery, execrable, cheap whisky:

"Me no drinkee for drinkee; me drinkee for drunkee." — *Detroit Free Press.*

**COOK'S**  
**IMPERIAL**  
EXTRA DRY  
**CHAMPAGNE**  
The most delicious of all—it has the flavor and exquisite bouquet you like. For years America's Favorite  
SERVED Everywhere SINCE 1859



This is for the uninitiated, the procrastinators and smokers who are missing something because of not knowing

### Philip Morris English Mixture and Cut Plug

If you smoke for the fun that's in it stop making the "eagle scream"—simply realize that good tobacco costs so much. At \$2.00 the pound, in 25c 50c and \$1.00 tins we sell you tobacco perfection.

If your dealer does not stock these tobaccos send us his name and address with 25c for trial 2 oz. tin of either brand.

PHILIP MORRIS & CO., Ltd.  
402 West Broadway New York

"My girl used to think a lot of her pug-dog, but I've managed to get the edge on him since we married."

"How did you work it?"

"Fido could n't eat her cooking, and I did." — *Courier-Journal.*

**Shine on!**  
It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish  
**Bar Keepers' Friend**  
lasts, it will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb. box. For sale by drug stores and dealers. Send 10 stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 290 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.



THE PSYCHOLOGICAL MOMENT.

DAME EUROPA (of the Hague Academy for Young Gentlemen).— I thoroughly disapprove of this, and as soon as ever it's over I shall interfere to put a stop to it.—*Punch.*

Are you



a Rubaiyat

PERCHANCE you frown: "What *are* you driving at?"  
Or to the Query give a scornful "Scat!"  
When, in a mood quatrainial, I ask:  
"Are you, or ever were, a Rubaiyat?"

In Tavern, or at Club, with aim to learn  
How Grape, and Hop, and Rye, each in its turn,  
Stirs Life's warm blood, with jocund Voice you cry:  
"Drink! For, once dead, you never shall return," (etc.)



That you with Mental Readiness may seize  
Upon the Symptoms of the Dread Disease,  
Hereunder note an Outline of its Course,  
Which may be diagnosed by Signs like these:

While yawning by the Slumber-Couch of Night,  
To your still-snoring Partner you recite  
(The while you shy a Pillow at her Head):  
"Wake! For the Sun who scattered into flight," (etc.)



"The Ball no question makes"

At Meals, though there be Savory Foods enow,  
Unto your love-lorn yearnings you allow  
A Sigh for this Omarian Bill-of-Fare:  
"A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread -and Thou," (etc.)

At Lecture or in Class, on Learning bent,  
When Tutors tute of the Self-evident,  
But Wits are dull, you quote them how that you  
"Came out by the same door wherein I went," (etc.)

When on the Field Athletic you oppose  
A Tackle, and your Cranium earthward goes,  
You murmur, as the Ambulance is brought:  
"The Ball no question makes of Ayes and Noes," (etc.)



"And Thou Beside me"

And when (yea, this the doubtful case makes plain)  
You stroll with *her*, a melancholy strain  
Your bliss enhances, as the words thrill forth:  
"Yon rising Moon that looks for us again," (etc.)

Ah! Brother pipkin,—be you round or flat,—  
If wise old Omar underneath your Hat  
Has set such Wheels revolving, you may know  
You surely have it,—you're a Rubaiyat!

Frederick Moxon.



"Drink! For Once Dead, you never shall return."